SPEECH

OF THE

HON. JOHN RANDOLPH,

OF VIRGINIA,

ON THE

Retrenchment Resolutions.

Delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States,
FEBRUARY 1, 1828.

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House of Representatives, Feb. 1, 1828.

DEBATE ON RETRENCHMENT.

AFTER MR. EVERETT CONCLUDED HIS REMARKS,

MR. RANDOLPH rose and said, I cannot make the promise which the gentleman who has just taken his seat made at the outset of his address; but I will make a promise of a different nature, and one which I trust it will be in my power to perform —I shall not say with more good faith than the gentleman from Massachusetts, but more to the letter—ay, sir, and more to the spirit, too. I shall not, as the gentleman said he would do, act in mere self defence. I shall carry the war into Africa. I shall not be content with merely parrying—no, sir—if I can, so help me God, I will thrust also; because my right arm is nerved by the cause of the people and of my country. I listened to the gentleman with pleasure—I mean to the general course of his remarks—with a single exception; and to that part of his speech I listened with the utmost loathing and disgust. But disgust is too feeble a term. I heard him, with horror, introduce the case of the Queen of France—and in answer to what? To a handbill —a placard—an electioneering firebrand: and in the presence of whom? Of those who never ought to be present in a theatre where men contend for victory and empire. Sir, they have no more business there than they have in a field of battle of another sort. Women, indeed, are wanted in the camp; but women of a very different description. What maiden, sir—nay, what matron—could hear the gentleman, without covering her face with her hands, and rushing out of the House? But for some of the remarks of the gentleman from Massachusetts, in relation to newspaper publications, I should have begun in at least as low a key and as temperate a mood as he did. To that key I will now pitch my voice. I have been absent from the House for several days. I requested my colleague [Mr. Alexander] to state the cause of that absence, which he did. Yet even this could not be reported correctly. As this may be the last act of public duty which I shall be able to perform—at least during the present session—and as I have given up myself a sacrifice to its performance, I respectfully ask the House to give their attention to what I have now to say. I understand that, during my absence,

I have been replied to by various gentlemen (some of whom I have not the honor to know by person) on different sides of the House, in a manner which I do not doubt was perfectly satisfactory at least to the speakers themselves. I certainly do not wish to disturb their self complacency, *de minimis non curat*, whether of persons or of things. The gentleman from Ohio, [Mr. Vance] with that blunt plainness and candor which, I am told, belong to him, and which I admire in proportion as they are rare qualities in these days—I like him the better for his surly honesty—I hope he will take no offence at the term, for I can assure him that none is intended—charged me, in my absence, (so my friends have informed me,) with what I believe he would not hesitate to have charged to my face, and to which I have no objection, except to the authority on which he relied ; but I protest against any gentleman's producing, as proof of what I have, at any time, said, a newspaper, or any thing purporting to be a Register of Debates, unless I endorse it, and more particularly remarks drawn from the debates of another body, which, in regard to me, are particularly unfaithful. I shall show to the house, not such matter as the gentleman from Massachusetts stirred, to the injury of every moral sense, of every moral being. I shall refer to a matter of recent notoriety; that will test the correctness of these reports. In the debate on the motion of the gentleman from South Carolina, [Mr. Hamilton] respecting a picture of the battle of New-Orleans, I did state, as distinctly as I could articulate, that I had seen a monument erected to the memory of Andre, the British Spy, in Westminster Abby ; that it was mutilated—the head of General Washington, and arm (I think) of Andre, having been broken off. The General's, most probably, by some Tory boy, from the neighboring school of Westminster, and that of Andre, probably, by some Whig boy, in retaliation. The name of Hamilton did not escape my lips. I thought, indeed, of Hamilton, but it was of a living Hamilton—the gentleman from South Carolina. But, then, parliamentary usage does not permit us to speak of one another by name. Now, sir, I can shew you, on the same authority which was relied on by the gentleman from Ohio—though I acknowledge that the reports of that paper, so far at least as I am concerned, have generally been more accurate this year, than I have for a long time known them to be before—that I am represented as saying that the monuments in Westminster Abbey were mutilated in the same manner as the *tombs* of *Hamilton and Washington* had been mutilated here. The word *tomb never escaped my lips* on that occasion. Sir, this would

have been a palpable falsehood. Where is the tomb of Washington? There is no such thing in this country, nor have I ever heard that a tomb has been erected to the memory of Hamilton; but I suppose that the next thing we shall hear will be, that the Quarterly, or some other Review, comes out, and observes with a sneer, that, as Roger Sherman said the vote was the monument, so a gentleman from Virginia had, by a speech in Congress, built up a tomb for Washington—a "constructive" tomb, that existed no where but in his eccentric imagination. Sir, the tombs of Washington and of Hamilton might stand any where in this country unenclosed—they might, indeed, be liable to injury from the beasts of the field, or from some invidious foreigner, but the hand of no American would ever mutilate them. Sir, in the course of another debate, it seems that I rendered to a gentleman from New-York [Mr. Storrs] the homage which his abilities deserved—and God forbid that the time should ever arrive when I refuse to do justice to an adversary—when I shall disparage any merit because it is found in the person of an opponent. When that time shall arrive, may I never receive mercy from that fountain of it to which alone we all must look, if we hope for forgiveness hereafter. I said, that I would not, *like him*, pronounce a palinodia, neither am I now going to pronounce a palinodia in respect to the gentleman from New-York. I shall not take back one jot of praise bestowed upon him. With whatever views he introduced it, the doctrine has always been mine—the strict subordination of the military to the civil authority—scripture is scripture, by whom or for whatever purpose it may be quoted. I know nothing of the private habits of that gentleman, [Mr. Storrs] but I know that he has too much good taste not to agree with me, that time may be much better spent than in reading the Documents piled up here. Yet, in the report of that debate, I was represented as saying, that, like the gentleman from New-York, I did not—what? pronounce a palinodia? No, Sir, not at all—but that, like him, I did not read the Documents. Sir, nobody reads the Documents—for this plain reason, that no man can read them—and if he could, he could hardly be worse employed. Sir, with a few exceptions, the Documents are printed, that they may be printed, not that they may be read.

And now, sir, comes another charge, about the miserable, oppressed inhabitants of Ireland. This subject has been mentioned to me, by no gentleman on the other side, except a member from Maryland—from the Eastern shore of Maryland, [Mr. Kerr] who is, not only by the courtesy of this House, but is in fact, a

gentleman. He, in Committee on the Rules and Orders of the House expressed to me his astonishment that what I said on that occasion could have been so much misunderstood and misrepresented—that he heard me most distinctly. I now call on any member who understood me differently, at the time, to rise in his place and say so. [Here Mr. R. paused for a reply. None being given, and some friends having said across the seats, that no member could or would say, that he had understood Mr. R. as he had been misrepresented, Mr. R. went on.] Without meaning to plead to—that is without meaning to admit, the jurisdiction of the press, in the extent which it arrogates to itself, I am perfectly sensible that no man is above public opinion. God forbid that any man in this country shall ever be able to brave it—and I regret that any one should have supposed me capable of uttering such sentiments. So far from it, I have been the steady, firm, constant, and strenuous advocate, to the best of my poor ability, of the oppressed People of Ireland. And why? For the reason I stated on a former occasion. They fought our battles, sir. I have known and esteemed many of them. Some of them have been—they are dead; and others are living, among my warmest friends and best neighbors. In the course of a not uneventful life, I have seen many things, but I have yet to see that *rara avis in terris*—I have seen a black swan—an Irish Tory. I have known tories of every description. Yes, sir, and some even in Virginia—even we had a few of them during the Revolution, but too few to give us any trouble or alarm—but I never have yet seen an Irish Tory, or the man who had seen one. Sir, I don't read the newspapers—I don't read gentlemen's speeches, and then come here to answer them. But I am extremely pleased, nay, flattered, in the highest degree, at being told by my friends, that the gentleman from Ohio attributed, in his speech, so much to my efforts in bringing the Administration to its present lank and lean condition. The gentleman could not have pleased me better—I only fear that, with all his bluntness and frankness, the gentleman was not quite sincere, and was only adorning me with fillets and garlands, like the priests of the sacrifice of yore, previous to knocking me, and with me, the party whom he strives to wound, through my sides, on the head. He was pleased to place me at the head, of what has been denominated the Opposition party in this House; but at its head, or that of any other party *in this House*, he will never find me, for reasons which I could *state, but which* are wholly unnecessary. Times are indeed *changed with the gentleman* and his friends, when they hold this

language concerning me. But a little while ago, and the friends of the Administration, nay, the members of the Administration, affected to consider me as one of their firmest props. They could not, indeed, vote for me—they were men too nice in their principles for that: but, considering the great benefit which they derived from my opposition, they could not (except for the honor of the country) regret my re-election. Amiable and excellent men! But they now sing to a very different gamut. If any gentleman will bring against me any allegation, from a clean and respectable source, I will do one of the two things—I will either deny it, or admit it, and defend it upon my views and principles. Sir, it seems I committed a great offence in not voting for the admission of the new States into the Union, and especially of Ohio. Yes, sir, if the thing were to do over again, I should act precisely in the same manner, and past experience would teach me I was right. What were the new States? Vast deserts of woods, inhabited by the Aborigines, to whom, if we come to the question of right, they did of right belong; and it was a question whether sound policy would dictate that we ought, by creating these States, to encourage sparse settlements, and thereby to weaken our frontier. I thought this was bad policy. Not that I am in favor of a very dense population. I am against the rabble of your cities, but I am equally opposed to having a land without inhabitants. But, sir, I had other reasons—*graviora manent*—Does the gentleman from Ohio, with all his laudable prejudice and partiality toward his own State, think that I, as a Virginian, feeling at least equal prejudice and partiality to my native land with that which he feels for his State, would lend my sanction to an act on the part of Virginia, which beggars every instance of fatuity and folly extant in the history of nations? Why, sir, the Knight of La Mancha himself, or poor old Lear in the play, never was guilty of a grosser act of fatuity than was the State of Virginia, when she committed that suicidal deed—the surrendering of her immense territory beyond the River Ohio, upon the express condition of excluding her own citizens from its benefit, when the country (yielded for the common good of the Confederacy) should come to be settled. Yes, sir, it was an act of suicide—of political suicide—the effects of which she has felt, and will continue to feel, so long as she has any political existence at all.—Sir, this was one of those amiable and philanthropic acts of legislation, which, however good in point of intention, lead to the most disastrous and ruinous consequences. Can the gentleman from Ohio conceive that I, a Virginian, could further this cut-

throat policy. Sir, I thought the Ohio a well defined natural boundary, and that we ought not to weaken by extending our frontier. The late war verified my foresight. Whom have I injured? The native savages and the trees, or the States that have been drained of their population to fill out Ohio? Sir, I offered no wrong to the People of Ohio: for there were then none to injure. They have gone there, or have been born since. Sir, this was the "head and front of my offending," and, if the gentleman has his apparatus ready, I am prepared to undergo any form of execution which his humanity will allow him to inflict, or which even his justice may award.

The gentleman from Massachusetts cannot expect that I shall follow him through his elaborate detail of the diplomatic expenses of this Government. The House, however, will permit me to observe, that there was a hiatus—*valde deflendus*, I do not doubt, but certainly not deeply lamented by me—a hiatus which embraces the whole period of the Administration of Mr. Jefferson. I am not going into the question of these expenses; I will stir no such matter. Demands which have dogged the doors of the Treasury so long and so perseveringly as that they have been at length allowed, some from motives of policy, others to get rid of importunate and sturdy beggars—although they were disallowed under Mr. Jefferson's Administration. But, sir, if every claim that gets through this House, or is allowed by this Government, after years of importunity, (some of them of thirty years' standing) is for that reason considered by the gentleman as a just claim, and fit to be drawn into precedent, my notions of justice, and of sound precedent, differ greatly from his. I, too, sir, am as much opposed as he can be to what is truly called the prodigality of parsimony. The gentleman thinks the salaries of our foreign Ministers are too low, and therefore, that they must be eked out by these allowances from the contingent fund—out of what is called the secret service money. The gentleman is right as to the existence of such a fund. It was appointed, and perhaps properly, for Washington was to be the first who was charged with its disbursement. But, sir, our early Presidents always made it a point of honor to return this fund untouched. They said to the nation, you trusted me with your purse, I have had no occasion to use it, here it is; count the money; there is as much by tale and as much by weight, as I received from you—but was it ever dream't that such a fund was to be put into the hands of a President of the U. States to furnish him with the means of rewarding his favorites? No, Sir; it was to pay those waiters and cham-

ber-maids, and evesdroppers, and parasites and pandars, that the gentleman told us of on the other side of the water—and there it might be all very right and proper—but not here, Sir, because we flatter ourselves that the state of morals in this country is such as to save us from any such necessity. No gentleman would understand him as speaking of the sums which had been placed at the disposal of different Presidents, to a vast amount, for the purpose of negotiating with the Barbary Powers, &c., but of that amount set apart, and generally known, as secret service money. Mr. Jéfferson used a small portion of this fund one year to pay some expense in relation to Burr's conspiracy, which was not allowed at the Treasury. Sir, with regard to the old billiard table, which is said to have cost some fifty dollars, it is a subject I should never have mentioned. I consider that game as a healthy, manly, rational mode of exercise, when the weather is such as to confine us within doors. I shall certainly never join in any cant or clamor against it. I look upon it as a suitable piece of furniture in the house of any gentleman who can afford it, where it is allowed by law, as it is here and throughout the State of Maryland; and I should be sorry if we were to proscribe that manly and innocent amusement. If I have any objection to that item, it is that such a pitiful article should have been bought. I would have given him one that cost five hundred dollars, and I would have voted the appropriation with cheerfulness. My objection to such a charge is, that it is a shabby affair, and looks too much like a sneaking attempt to propitiate, by the cheapness of the thing, popular displeasure. The attempt to keep the thing out of sight, only makes the matter still worse. I do not charge the gentleman from N. Carolina with any such intention, but this seems to me to be too small a matter. I would strike at higher game.—The Gentleman from Massachusetts says that Franklin received a higher compensation than Mr. Adams and other Ministers of these times. He did, Sir, and what was the answer which that shrewd and sensible man gave (for Poor Richard had always an eye to the main chance) when his accounts were scrutinised into, and his receipts were deemed exorbitant? It was this, Sir:—Thou shall not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. The very answer, Sir, that I myself gave in Morison's Hotel in Dublin to a *squireen* and an *agent*. For a description of these varieties of the plagues of Ireland, see Miss Edgworth—delightful, ingenious, charming. sensible, witty, inimitable, though not uninitated, Miss Edgworth. When describing the misery of the South

and West of Ireland, that I had lately travelled over, I was asked. and what would you do, pray, sir, for the relief of Ireland? with an air that none but Miss Edgworth can describe, and that no one that has not been in Ireland can conceive. My reply was, I would unmuzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn; and I had like to have got myself into a sad scrape by it, as any one who has been in Ireland will readily understand. Yes, Sir, I was disposed to give to the houseless, naked, shivering, half-starved Irish laborer, something like a fair portion of the product of his toil, of the produce of the land on which he breathes, but does not live, to put victuals into his stomach, clothes upon his back, and something like a house over his head, instead of the wretched pig-sty, that is now his only habitation—shelter it is none; and this was just the last remedy that an Irish agent or middle man, or tythe proctor, or absentee, would prescribe or submit to.

But, Sir, to return. "These salaries are too small." I cannot agree with the gentleman. There is one touch-stone of such a question—it is the avidity with which those situations are sought —I will not say by members of this House—we are hardly deemed of sufficient rank to fill them. Sir, so long as these foreign missions are sought with avidity—so long as members of Congress, and not of this House only, or chiefly, will bow, and cringe, and duck, and fawn, and get out of the way at a pinching vote, or lend a helping hand at a pinching vote, to obtain these places, I never will consent to enlarge the salary attached to them.— Small as the gentleman tells us those salaries are, I will take it on me to say, that they are three times as great as the nett proceeds of his estate, made by any planter on the Roanoke. But, then, we are told that they live at St. Petersburg and London, and that living there is very expensive. Well, sir, who sent them there? Who pressed them to go there? Were they impressed, sir? Were they taken by a press gang, on tower hill, knocked down, handcuffed, chucked on board of a tender, and told that they must take the pay and rations which his Majesty was pleased to allow? No such thing, sir. I will now quit this subject, and say only this, that our Minister, [Mr. Adams] was paid for a *constructive* journey—that, I think, is the phrase—which means neither more nor less than a journey which was never performed.

[Here Mr. EVERETT made a gesture of dissent.]

The gentleman shakes his head. Sir, we shall see more of this hereafter, but I will reason only hypothetically. If the gentleman in question, while he remained at St. Petersburg, could make the journey imputed to him, it beats the famous journey from

Mexico to Tucubaya, as far as some distance, however small, exceeds no distance whatsoever. Sir, if a gentleman from Washington goes to Georgetown, or to Alexandria, yes sir, or to Bladensburg, I will acknowledge that he performs, at least in some sense, a sort of journey. But not if he remains in this city, and never stirs out of it. However, I will not now press this matter further—others will do more justice to it—*de minimis non curat.*

Paulo majora canamus.

There was one remark, which I took down while the gentleman was speaking, and which I cannot pass by. Who that gentleman was, described by the gentleman from Massachusetts, who proposed, to him that, if he would move to raise the salaries, that gentleman would join with him and support him, I cannot conjecture or divine. Be he who he may, I will venture to say thus much: He is some gentleman who expects to be sent upon some mission himself, and, with great forecast and prudence, he was calculating to throw upon the present Administration, beforehand, all the odium of the increase of the salary which he hoped to finger. I am disposed to be more just to the gentleman and to the Administration, because I believe that he will get full as much as he may deserve, and they have full as much weight as they can carry, without adding to it another feather.

Sir, I am afraid I may be charged with some want of continuity, but, what I have to say, is at least as relevant, ay, and as pertinent, too, to the subject before the House, as the handbill which the gentleman read, till *his* delicacy would permit him to read no farther, though I must confess I thought that he had already gone so far, that there was no *ultima Thule* beyond. Sir, the gentleman might have spared himself this last exertion of his delicacy, and even have read to the end. There could be nothing more gross behind, than what we had already heard, and were to hear, in the case of the ill-fated Queen of France. The gentleman, with much gravity, with some dexterity, and with great plausibility, but against certain principles which I have held in this House, *ab oro*, and which I shall continue to hold, *usque ad mala*, till I leave the feast, spoke of the headlong commencement of the Opposition, before the Administration could give reasonable cause of discontent. Sir, I have now no *palinodia* to sing or to chaunt upon that subject. I drew my conclusions from that fountain which never failed an observing and a sagacious man, and which even the simple and inexperience (and I among the rest) may drink at—it is nature and human

I saw distinctly, from the beginning, that, if we permitted this Administration—if we listened to those who cried to us "wait, wait, there is a lion in the path," (and, sir, there always is a lion in the path, to the sluggard, and to the dastard,) and which cry was seconded, no doubt, by many who wished to know how the land lay before they ran for a port—on which side victory would incline, before they sounded *their* horn of triumph. If we had thus waited, Sir, the situation of the country would have been very different from what it is now. Sir, there was a great race to be run—if you will permit me to draw an illustration from a sport to which I have been much addicted—one in which all the gentlemen in Virginia, when we had gentlemen in Virginia, delighted, and of which I am yet very fond—I mean from the turf —and it must be lost, or won, as the greatest race in this country was won—I mean the race on Long Island, which I saw, and that was by running every inch of the ground—by going off at score—by following the policy of Purdy. Purdy, Sir, was a man of sound sense, and practical knowledge—a man of common sense, I mean, and worth a thousand of your old and practised statesmen, and "premature" gentlemen who never arrive at maturity—and who, meaning to side with the next Administration in case of our success, were nevertheless resolved to get all they could, in the meantime, out of this. Sir, to one of these trimming gentry, it is worse than death to force him to take sides before a clear indication of victory, and hence the cry of its being "premature" to stir the question of the next Presidential election. Sir, if we had set off one session later, we should not have had ground enough left to run upon, to overtake, and pass, and beat them, before they would have passed the winning post, and pocketed the stakes.—Such would have been the effect, if we had delayed our push, and I know no one that would have enjoyed the result, and chuckled at our folly with more hearty glee, than one of these same old and practised statesmen. [Here something was said which our reporter did not hear, and to which Mr. EVERETT was understood to reply, that he had not stated it as his sentiment, but as a fact.] I beg the gentleman's pardon; I never was misrepresented by him, and I never will misrepresent him, unless I misunderstand him. But, I wonder it never occurred to the gentleman from Massachusetts what could be the cause why such a hue and cry should be raised against an Administration so very able, *(permit me in this, however, to differ from the gentleman, de gustibus non est) what, I say, could have been the cause why Actæon and all his hounds, or, rather, why the dogs of war were let slip*

against this wise, and able, and virtuous, and loving Administration; these patterns of political friendship and consistency; and have continued to pursue them, till they lie panting and gasping for breath on the high way—until they realize the beautiful fable of the hare and many friends. The cause of all this is to be found in the manner in which they came into power—the cause of this "premature" opposition lies there, and there mainly. I would defy all the public presses in the world to have brought them to this pass, had there not been a taint of original sin in their body-politic, and which cleaves to them even as the sin of our first parents taints our fallen nature, and cleaveth to us all. The gentleman refers to those who composed the party called the Opposition, and says, it is formed of very discordant materials.—True, Sir; but what are the materials of the party which upholds the Administration? Nay, of the Aministration itself? Are they perfectly homogeneous? I know one of them—who has been raised to a higher station than most men in this country—was that because he opposed, or because he espoused the election of the present Chief Magistrate? Let me ask the gentleman from Massachusetts, what could cause the old Republican party in New England—the worthy successors of John Langdon—to be now found acting with us? They know—but perhaps some in this House do not know—they know that the Southern interest is as much their natural ally, in protecting them against an overweening oligarchy at home, as England is the natural ally of Portugal against the power of Spain and France; and though they left us for a time, yet now, apprehending danger, and seeing through the artifices of their betrayer, they have returned to us, their old, natural, and approved allies. Sir, have not the Administration, as well as the Opposition, ways and means and funds in their hands, to obtain influence and buy success? Have they not the whole of the great mass of patronage in their hands? But the gentleman says, that, so far from taking care of their adherents, they have been too liberal in bestowing this upon their enemies: but it is easy to account for this. An ancient apothegm tells us that it is better to judge between two of your enemies than between two of your friends. In the one case you are almost sure, by your decision, to make a friend, and in the other, to lose one. Now, sir, our able and practised statesmen know, that, by giving a loaf and a fish to an enemy, they make a friend, when, by giving them to one of their friends, they might disoblige another, *who might think his* claims disparaged—and that, sir, is the whole *secret of their* neglecting their friends.

Permit me, sir, again to ask, how comes it that this Administration are brought into their present very curious and unprecedented predicament? How happens it that they alone, of all the Administrations which have been in this country, find themselves in the minority in each House of Congress, when the very worst of their predecessors kept a majority till midnight on the 3d or the 4th of March, whichever you please to call it? Ay, sir, under the Administration to which I allude, there were none of these compunctious visitings of nature, at the attacks made on private character. We had no chapter of lamentations then, on the ravaging and desolating war on the fair fame of all the wise, and virtuous and good, of our land. The notorious Peter Porcupine, since even better known as William Cobbet, was the especial protege of that Administration. I heard them say—I do not mean the Head of that Administration, but one of its leaders—that he was the greatest man in the world; and I do not know, sir, that, in point of sheer natural endowment, he was so very far wrong. Yes, sir, it was that very Cobbet, who, if the late publications may be trusted, now says that Mr. Adams has fifteen hundred slaves in Virginia. Sir, was there any slander too vile, too base, for that man to fabricate? I remember well the nicknames under which we passed—yes, sir, I can proudly say *we*, although the humblest in the ranks. Mr. Gallatin was Citoyen, Guillotine, with *le petit fenetre national*, at his back. My excellent and able colleague, Mr. Nicholas—one of the purest and most pious of men, who afterwards removed to the State of N. York, and was a model of republican virtue and simplicity that might have adorned the best days of Sparta or of Rome—he, sir having the misfortune to lose an eye, was held up to ridicule as Polymphemus. You are shocked at this, sir, but let me tell you that it was only a little innocent, harmless, federal wit—and the author was the especial protege of "Government" and its adherents. All chuckled over the Porcupine. To that party the present incumbent then belonged—and another member of this pure Administration, my venerable friend from North Carolina, was Monsieur Macon, with a *cedilla* under the c, to mark him the more for a Frenchman. I forget the cognomen of the learned gentleman from Louisiana [Mr. Livingston]; I know that he was never spared: I remember well my own; I wish, sir, it was applicable now, for I was then a *boy*. Every sanctuary was *invaded. As to* Mr. Jefferson, every epithet of vituperation was *exhausted upon him.* He was an Atheist, a Frenchman; we *were all Atheists* and Traitors; our names and cause associated

with the Cannibals and Cannibalism of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and all the atrocities, the most atrocious and revolting of which has this day heen presented to the House by the chaste imagination of the gentleman from Massachusetts. Yes, sir, then, as now, a group of horrors was pressed upon the public imaginanation to prop the sinking cause of a desperate Administration.—Religion and Order were to be subverted; the National Debt to be sponged; and the Country to be drenched in its best blood by Mr. Jefferson and his Jacobin adherents. Even good men, and not unwise men, were brought to believe this. Mr. Jefferson was elected—and we know what followed. But this, sir, it may be said, was not done by our own people—it was done by foreign hirelings, mercenaries. Sir, it is not only of this description of persons that I speak. It was done in the glorious days of the Sedition Law and the black cockade, when we found in General Shee and his Legion, protection against the Prætorian bands of the Administration. These brave fellows were many of them Irish or German, and most of them of Irish or German parentage, chiefly from the Northern Liberties, then the strong hold of Republicanism; and, therefore, branded with the opprobrious name of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, the most Jacobin quarter of Paris.

Sir, at the very time that the act noted by the gentleman from Massachusetts was passed, (May, 1800) when Professor Cooper was escorted to jail, a victim of the Sedition Law, the New-York election, then, as of late, rung the knell of the departing Administration. Sir, when the gentleman favored us with his opinion of the present stupendous Administration, I imagine he drew it from a comparison with some of the Administrations which preceded it. In comparison with some of them, even this Administration is great: for we have seen the least of all possible things—the poorest of all poor creatures that ever was manufactured into a Head of a Department (and that's a bold word) a member of a former Administration—almost a satire onthe name. This personage, as I have very lately learned, in imitation of another great man from the same State, took great liberties in public, with my name, when he had the Atlantic for a barrier, the Summer before last. Like his great friend, his courage shows itself three thousand miles off. It is in the ratio of the squares of the distances of his adversary. Sir, I should like to have seen how he would have looked, if, on finishing his harangue, he had found me at his elbow. I think I can conceive how he would have felt.

Sir, I have much to say, which neither my own weakness, nor *my regard* to the politeness of this House, will permit me now to

say. As I have exonerated the principal in that weighty affair of the billiard-table, I also exonerate him and his Lieutenant from every charge of collusion—*in the first instance*; and, if it is in order, I will state the reasons for my opinion. When the alliance was first patched up between the two great leaders of the East and West, neither of the high contracting parties had the promotion of the present incumbent at all in view. Sir, I speak knowingly as to one of these parties, and with the highest degree of moral probability of the other. Can it be necessary that I prove this?—The thing proves itself. The object was to bring in one of the parties to the compact, whom the Constitution subsequently excluded, and, of course, to provide for the other. A gentleman, then of this House, was the candidate, who, to the last hour, cast many a longing, although not lingering look, with outstretched neck, towards Louisiana—*jugulo quaesita negatur*—to discover whether or not he should be one upon the list. Sir, it is impossible that he could, in the first instance, have looked to the elevation of another, or have designed to promote the views of any man but in subserviency to his own. Sir, common sense forbids it. But, sir, all these calculations, however skilful, and Demoivre could not have made better, utterly failed. Mr. Crawford most obstinately, and unreasonably, I confess, refused to die. It was certainly very disobliging in him. I saw him before I went abroad, and I thought it was an hundred to one that he could not survive the Summer: he was then dead to every purpose, public or private. Louisiana refused to vote as obstinately as Mr. Crawford refused to die; and so the gentleman was excluded. It was then that Mr. Adams was first taken up, as a *pis aller*, which we planters of the South translate, a *hand plant*.

Sir, I have a right to know—I had a long while before an interview with the very great man—but not on that subject; no sir, it was about business of this House, and he so far descended, or I should rather say of so very great a man, condescended, as to electioneer even with me. He said to me, among other matters, if you of the south will give us of the west any other man than John Quincy Adams for President, we will support him. Let any man deny this who dare—but remember, sir, he then expected to be a candidate before the House himself. If you will give us any other man. Sir, the gentleman in question can have no disposition to deny it. It was at a time when he and the present incumbent were publicly pitted against each other, and Mr. Adams had crowed defiance, and clapped his wings against the Cock of Kentucky. Sir, I knew this to be a strong mode of

expression. I did not take it literally. I thought I understood the meaning to be that Virginia, by her strenuous support of Mr. Crawford, would further the success of Mr. Adams. "Any other man, sir, besides John Quincy Adams." Now, as neither Mr. Crawford nor General Jackson, in the end, proved to be "any other man"—it follows clearly who any other man was, viz: *one* other man—*id est* myself, as a gentleman once said in this House, we will support him. But sir, as soon as this *egomet* was out of the question, we of the South lost all our influence, and "we of the West" gave us of the South this very John Quincy Adams for President, and received from him the very office, which, being held by him, we of the West assigned as the cause of our support, considering it to be a sort of reversionary interest in the Presidency. (See the letter to Mr. F. Brooke.) It was indeed "ratsbane in our mouth," but we swallowed the arsenic. Sir, a powerful party in New England was equally opposed to Mr. Adams—the high Federal party, or the Essex Junto, so called—all the successors of the George Cabots, and Caleb Strongs, and Stephen Higginsons—I should rather say their representatives, and all their surviving coadjutors, were against him, with one exception, and that was an honest man, of whom it was said in this House, that he ought to desire no other epitaph but that which might truly be incribed on his tomb—"Here lies the man who was honored by the friendship of Washington, and the enmity of his successor." Sir, who persecuted the name of Hamilton while living, and followed him beyond the grave? The father and the son. Who were the persecutors of Fisher Ames, whose very grave was haunted, as if by vampyres? Both father and son. Who attempted to libel the present Chief Justice, and procure his impeachment—making the seat of John Smith, of Ohio, the peg to hang the impeachment on? The son. Sir, I, as one of the grand jury, and my colleague, Mr. Garnett, were called upon by the Chairman of the Committee of the Senate, in Smith's case, [Mr. Adams] to testify in that case. [Here something was said that our reporter could not hear.] This was one of the early oblations of the present incumbent on the altar of his new political church. Who accused his former Federal associates of a traitorous conspiracy with the British authorities in Canada, to dismember the Union? The present incumbent. Yet all is forgiven him; Hamilton, Ames, Marshall, themselves accused of treason—all is forgiven; and these men, (with one exception) now support him—and for what? Sir, I will take the letter to the Presi-

dent of the Court of Appeals in Virginia—and on that letter, and on facts which are notorious as the sun at noonday, it must be established that there was a collusion, and a corrupt collusion, between the principals in this affair. I do not say the agreement was a written or even a verbal one. I know that the language of the poet is true, that men, who "meet to do a damned deed," cannot bring even themselves to speak of it in distinct terms—they cannot call a spade a spade—but eke out their unholy purpose with dark hints, and inuendoes, and signs, and shrugs, where more is meant than meets the ear. Sir, this person was willing to take any man who would secure the end that he had in view. He takes office under Mr. Adams, and that very office too which had been declared to be in the line of safe precedent—that very office which decided his preference of Mr. Adams. Sir, are we children? are we babies? can't we see or eat an apple-pie without spelling and putting the letters together—A, p, ap, p, l, e, ple, apple, p, i, e, pie, applepie? Sir, the fact can never be got over, and it is this fact which alone could make this Administration to rock and totter to its base, in spite of the indiscretion, (to say no worse) in spite of all the indiscretion of its adversaries.—For, Sir, there never was a man who had so much cause as General Jackson has had to say, "save me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies." Yes, Sir, he could take care of his enemies—from them he never feared danger; but not of his friends—at least of some, whose vanity has prompted them to couple their obscure names with his; and it is because he did take care of his enemies, who were his country's enemies, and for other reasons, which I could state, that his cause is now espoused by that grateful country. But General Jackson is no statesman.—Sir, I deny that there is any instance on record, in history, of a man not having military capacity, being at the head of any Government, with advantage to that Government, and with credit to himself. Sir, there is a great mistake on this subject. It is not those talents which enable a man to write books and make speeches, that enable him to preside over a Government. The wittiest of Poets has told us that

> "All a Rhetorician's Rules
> Teach only how to name his Tools."

We have seen Professors of Rhetoric, who could no doubt descant fluently upon the use of these said tools; yet sharpen them to so wiry an edge as to cut their own fingers with these implements of their trade. Sir, Thomas A. Becket was as brave a man as Henry the Second, and, indeed, a braver man—less infirm of purpose.—

And who were the Hildebrands, and the rest of the Papal Freebooters, who achieved victory after victory over the proudest Monarchs and States of Europe? These men were brought up in a cloister, perhaps, but they were endowed with that highest of all the gifts of Heaven, the capacity to lead men, whether in the Senate or the field. Sir, it is one and the same faculty, and its successful display has always received, and ever will receive, the highest honors that man can bestow; and this will be the case, do what you will, cant what you may, about military chieftains and military domination. So long as man is man, the victorious defender of his country will and ought to receive that country's suffrage, for all that the forms of her Government allow her to bestow.

Sir, a friend said to me not long since, "Why General Jackson can't write"—"admitted." (Pray, sir, can you tell me of any one that can write: for, I protest, I know nobody that can.) Then turning to my friend, I said, it is most true that General Jackson cannot write, (not that he can't write his name, or a letter, &c.) because he has never been taught. But his competitor cannot write, because he was unteachable: for he has had every advantage of education and study. Sir, the Duke of Marlborough, the greatest captain and negotiator of his age—which was the age of Louis XIV., and who may rank with the greatest men of any age; whose irresistible manners and address triumphed over every obstacle in council, as his military prowess and conduct did in the field. Sir, this great man could not even spell, and was notoriously ignorant of all that an under graduate must know; but which it is not necessary for a man at the head of affairs to know at all. Would you have superseded him by some Scotch schoolmaster? Sir, gentlemen forget that it is an able helmsman we want for the ship of State, and not a Professor of navigation or astronomy.

Sir, among the vulgar errors that ought to go into Sir Thomas Brown's book, this ought not to be omitted; that learning and wisdom are synonymous, or at all equivalent. Knowledge and wisdom, as one of our most delightful poets sings—

> "Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
> Have oft times no connexion—knowledge dwells
> In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
> Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
> Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
> Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
> Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
> By which the magic art of shrewder wits
> Holds the unthinking multitude enchained."

And not books only, Sir—speeches are not less deceptive. Sir, I not only consider the want of what is called learning not to be a disqualification for the command in chief in civil or military life, but I do consider the possession of too much learning to be of most mischievous consequence to such a character; who is to draw from the cabinet of his own sagacious mind, and to make the learning of others, or whatever other qualities they may possess, subservient to his more enlarged and vigorous views. Such a man was Cromwell, such a man was Washington. Not learned, but wise. Their understandings were not clouded or cramped, but had fair play. Their errors were the errors of men, not of school boys and pedants. Sir, so far from the want of what is called education being a very strong objection to a man at the head of affairs, over education, constitutes a still stronger objection. [In the case of a lady it is fatal. Heaven defend me from an over educated, accomplished lady. Yes, sir, accomplished indeed, for she is *finished* for all the duties of a wife, or mother, or mistress of a family.] Sir, we hear much of military usurpation, of military despotism, of the sword of a conqueror, of Cæsar, and Cromwell, and Buonaparte. What little I know of Roman history has been gathered chiefly from the surviving letters of the great men of that day, of Cicero especially, and I freely confess to you, that, if I had then lived, and been compelled to take sides, I must, though very reluctantly, have sided with Cæsar, rather than take Pompey for my master. Sir, it was the interest of the house of Stuart, and they were long enough in power to do it, to blacken the character of Cromwell, that great, and, I must add, bad man. But, sir, the devil himself is not so black as he is sometimes painted. But who would not rather have obeyed Cromwell, than that self-styled Parliament, which obtained a title too indecent for me to name, but by which it is familiarly known and mentioned in all the historians, from that day to this. Sir, Cromwell fell under a temptation, perhaps too strong for the nature of man to resist, but he was an angel of light to either of the Stuarts, the one whom he brought to the block; or his son, a yet worse man, the blackest and foulest of miscreants that ever polluted a throne. It has been the policy of the house of Stuart and their successors, it is the policy of Kings, to vilify and blacken the memory and character of Cromwell. But the cloud is rolling away. We no longer consider Hume as deserving of the slightest credit. Cromwell was "*guiltless of his country's blood.*" His was a bloodless usurpation. *To doubt his sincerity at the outset, from his subsequent fall, would be madness; religious fervor was the prevailing temper and*

fashion of the times. Cromwell was an usurper, 'tis granted; but he had scarcely any choice left him. His sway was every way preferable to that miserable corpse of a Parliament, that he turned out, as a gentleman would turn off a drunken butler and his fellows, or the pensioned tyrant that succeeded him, a dissolute, depraved bigot and hypocrite, who was outwardly a Protestant and at heart a Papist. He lived and died one, while pretending to be a son of the church of England, ay, and swore to it, and died a perjured man. Sir, if I must have a master, give me one whom I can respect, rather than a knot of knavish Attorneys. Sir, Buonaparte was a bad man; but I would rather have had Buonaparte than such a set of corrupt, intriguing, public plunderers as he turned adrift. The Senate of Rome, the Parliament of England, "the Councils of Elders and of Youngsters," the Legislature of France, all made themselves first odious and then contemptible; and then comes an usurper, and this is the natural end of a corrupt civil Government.

There is a class of men who possess great learning, combined with inveterate professional habits, and who are, *ipso facto*, or perhaps I should rather say *ipsis factis*, (for I must speak accurately, as I speak before a Professor) disqualified for any but secondary parts any where—even in the Cabinet. Cardinal Richelieu was what? A Priest. Yes, sir, but what a Priest! Oxenstiern was a Chancellor. He it was who sent his son abroad to see—*quam parva sapientia regitur mundus*—with how little wisdom this world is governed. This Administration seemed to have calculated that even less than that little would do for us. The gentleman called it a strong, an able Cabinet—second to none but Washington's first Cabinet. Sir, I could hardly look at him for blushing. What, sir, is Gallatin at the head of the Treasury—Madison in the Department of State? The mind of an accomplished and an acute dialectician, of an able lawyer, or, if you please, of a great physician, may, by the long continuance of one pursuit—of one train of ideas—have its habits so inveterately fixed, as effectually to disqualify the possessor for the command of the councils of a country. He may nevertheless, make an admirable chief of a bureau—an excellent man of details—which the chief ought never to be. A man may be capable of making an able and ingenious argument on any subject within the sphere of his knowledge; but, sir, every now and then the master sophist will start, as I have seen him start, at the monstrous conclusions to which his own artificial reason had brought himself. But this, sir, was a man of more than ordinary natural candor and fairness of mind. Sir, by words and figures you may

prove just what you please; but it often and most generally is the fact, that, in proportion as a proposition is logically or mathematically true, it is politically and commonsensically (or rather nonsensically) false. The talent which enables a man to write a book, or make a speech, has no more relation to the leading of an army or a Senate, than it has to the dressing of a dinner. The talent which fits a man to head a Government, is the talent for the management of men—a mere dialectician never had, and never will have it: both requires the same degree of courage, though of different kinds. The very highest degree of moral courage is required for the duties of government. I have been amused when I have seen some dialecticians, after assorting their words—"the counters of wise men, the money of fools"—after they had laid down their premises, and drawn, step by step, their deductions, sit down, completely satisfied, as if the conclusions to which they had brought themselves were really the truth—as if it were irrefragably true. But wait until another cause is called, or till another court sits—till the bystanders and jury have had time to forget both argument and conclusion, and they will make you just as good an argument on the opposite side, and arrive with the same complacency, at a directly opposite conclusion, and triumphantly demand your assent to this new truth. Sir, it is their business—I do not blame them. I only say that such a habit of mind unfits men for action, for decision. They want a client to decide which side to take; and the really great man performs that office for them. This habit unfits them for Government in the first degree. The talent for Government lies in these two things—sagacity to perceive, and decision to act. Genuine statesmen were never made such by mere training; education will form good business men—*nascuntur non fiunt.* The maxim *(nascitur non fit)* is as true of statesmen as it is of poets. Sir, let a house be on fire, you will soon see in that confusion who has the talent to command.—Let a ship be in danger at sea, and ordinary subordination destroyed, and you will immediately make the same discovery. The ascendency of mind and of character exists and rises as naturally and as inevitably, where there is free play for it, as material bodies find their level by gravitation. Thus a great diplomatist, like a certain animal, oscillating between the hay on different sides of him, wants some power from without, before he can decide from which bundle to make trial. Who believes that Washington could *write as good a book* or report as Jefferson, or make as able a *speech as Hamilton?* Who is there that believes that Cromwell *would have made* as good a Judge as Lord Haile? No sir, these

learned and accomplished men find their proper place under those who are fitted to command, and to command them among the rest. Such a man as Washington will say to a Jefferson, do you become my Secretary of State; to Hamilton, do you take charge of my purse, or that of the nation, which is the same thing; and Knox, do you be my master of horse. Sir, all history shews this, but great diplomatists and great scholars are, for that very reason, unfit to be rulers.—Sir. would Hannibal have crossed the Alps when there were no roads—with elephants—in the face of the warlike and hardy mountaineers—and carried terror to the very gates of Rome, if his youth had been spent in poring over books? Would he have been able to maintain himself on the resources of his own genius for sixteen years in Italy, in spite of the faction and treachery in the Senate of Carthage, if he had been deep in conic sections and fluxions, and the differential calculus—to say nothing of botany, and mineralogy, and chemistry? "Are you not ashamed," said a philosopher to one who was born to rule, "are you not ashamed to play so well upon the flute?" Sir, it was well put. There is much which it becomes a secondary man to know—much that it is necessary for him to know—that a first rate man ought to be ashamed to know. No head was ever clear and sound that was stuffed with book learning. You might as well attempt to fatten and strengthen a man by stuffing him with every variety and the greatest quantity of food. After all, the Chief must draw upon his subalterns for much that he does not know, and cannot perform himself. Sir, my friend W. R. Johnson has many a groom that can clean and dress a race horse, and ride him too, better than he can. But what of that? Sir, we are, in the European sense of the term, not a military People. We have no business for an army—it hangs as a dead weight upon the nation—officers and all. Sir, who rescued Braddock when he was fighting *secundum artem*, and his men were dropping around him on every side? It was a Virginia Militia Major. He asserted in that crisis the place which properly belonged to him, and which he afterwards filled in the manner we all know.

Sir, I may, without any mock modesty, acknowledge what I feel, that I have made an unsuccessful reply to the gentleman from Massachusetts. There are some subjects which I could have wished to have touched upon before I sit down now and forever. I had the materials in my possession when I came to the House this morning, but I am dragged down by physical weakness from the most advantageous use of them.

Sir, what shall we say to a gentleman, in this House or out of

it, occupying a prominent station, and filling a large space in the eye of his native State, who should, with all the adroitness of a practised advocate, gloss over the acknowledged encroachments of the men in power, upon the fair construction of the Constitution, and then present the appalling picture, glaring and flaming, in his deepest colors, of a bloody military tyrant—a raw head and bloody-bones—so that we cannot sleep in our beds—who should conjure up all the images that can scare children, or frighten old women—I mean very old women, Sir—and who offers this wretched caricature—this vile daub, where brick dust stands for blood, like Peter Porcupine's Bloody Buoy, as a reason for his and our support in Virginia, of a man in whom he has no confidence, whom he *damns with faint praise*—and who, moreover—tell it not in Gath!—had zealously, and elaborately, (I cannot say ably) justified every one of these very atrocious and bloody deeds—yes, sir, on paper—not in the heat of debate, in the transports of a speech, but—as the author of the Richmond Anathema full well knew—and knew that we, too, knew—deliberately and officially. Sir, if we did not know that Lawyers never see but one side of a case—that on which they are retained, and that they fondly hope that the Jury will see with their eyes—what should we say of such a man? His Client having no character, he attacks Defendant's character, upon a string of charges, in every one of which (supposing them to be true) his client was self-avowed *particeps criminis*—having defended, adopted, and made each and every one of them his own. Sir, such a man may be a great Lawyer, (although this is but a poor specimen of his skill in that line) or a great Mathematician, or Chemist; but of a man guilty of such glaring absurdity, it may be fearlessly pronounced that, in the management of his own concerns, and in the affairs of men, he has not "right good common sense." And here, sir, we come to that great and all-important distinction, which the profane vulgar—whether they be the great vulgar or the small—too often overlook; and which I have, lamely I fear, endeavored to press upon the House—I mean the distinction between knowledge and learning, on the one hand, and sense and judgment on the other. And there, sir, lies the great defect of the gentleman in question. Sir, I have heard it said of him, by those who know and love him well, "that he can argue either side of a question, whether of law, of "policy, or of constitutional construction, with great ingenuity and "*force; but he wants* that sagacity in political affairs, which first "*discerns the proper end*, and then adopts the most appropriate "*means: and he is deficient* in that knowledge of mankind, which

"would enable another (much his inferior) to perceive that his "honest disinterestedness is played upon by those who are con-"scious that he prides himself upon it. *It is the lever by* "*which he is on all occasions to be moved.* It is his pride—an "honest and honorable pride, which makes him delight to throw "himself into minorities, because he enjoys more self-gratification "from manifesting his independence of popular opinion—than he "could derive from any thing in the gift of the People. His late "production—the Adams convention manifesto—is the feeblest "production of the day. The reason is, *his head and heart did not* "*go together*." Sir, this picture is drawn by the hand of a friend. As we have had billiard tables and chess boards introduced into this debate, I hope I may be allowed to borrow an illustration from this last game. Sir, one of these arguing machines reminds me of the bishop at chess. The black or white bishop (I use the term not in reference to the color of the piece, but of that of the square he stands upon) is a serviceable piece enough in his way; but he labors under this defect: that, in moving in the diagonal only, he can never get off his original color. He can scour away all over *just one half* of the board; but his adversary may be on the next square, and perfectly safe from his attack. To be safe from the bishop, you have only to move upon any one of the thirty-two squares that are forbidden ground to him. But not so the irregular knight, who, at successive leaps, can cover every square upon the board, to whose *check* the king can interpose no guard, but must move. Even the poor pawn has a privilege which the bishop has not: for he can elude his mitred adversary by moving from a white square to a black one, or from a black square to a white one, and finally reach the highest honors of the game. So even a poor peasant of sense may instruct the philosopher, as the shepherd did, in that beautiful introduction, the finest of Mr. Gay's fables but one, who drew all his notions of men and things from Nature. Sir, it is vain to turn over musty folios, and to double down dog's ears: it does very well in its place—in a lawyer's office—or a *bureau*. I am forced to use the word for want of a better; but it will not supply the place of that which books never gave, and never can give—of judgment and experience. Sir, who would make the better leader, in a period of great public emergency—old Roger Sherman, or a certain very learned gentleman from New-York, whom we once had here, who knew every thing in the world for which man had no occasion, *and nothing* in the world for which man has occasion? Sir, the *People*, who are always unsophisticated—and though they may

occasionally be misled, are always right in their feelings, and always judge correctly in the long run—have taken up this thing. It is a notorious fact, in Virginia, that, in County Courts, where men are admitted to sit as judges, who are not of the legal profession—plain planters, who have no pretensions to be considered as lawyers—the decisions are much seldomer reversed than in those courts where a barrister presides: his reasons may be more plausible, but his decision will be oftener wrong. Yes, sir, the People have decided upon this thing.

Sir, I will suppose a case: I will suppose that the late convulsive struggles of the Administration may so far succeed, as that they will be able to renew their lease for another four years.—Now, sir, if a majority of this House can't get along with such a minority hanging on their rear, cutting off supplies, and beating up their quarters, what will be the situation of the Administration then? Sir, what is it now? Did any body ever hear of a victory obtained by the Executive power, while a decided majority of the Legislature was against it? Sir, I know of no such victory, but one—and that was the parricidal victory of the younger Pitt over the Constitution of England; and he gained that only by the impenetrable obstinacy of the King, which then gave indications of the disease that was lurking in his constitution, and afterwards so unhappily became manifest.

Sir, the King was an honest man, and a much abler man than he ever had credit for. But he was incurably obstinate. He had just lost the Colonies. No matter—he would risk the Crown of England itself, and retire to his hereditary States in Germany, rather than yield: and, sir, but for a barefaced coalition, he would have so retired, and have supplied a most important defect in the act of settlement—the separation of Hanover from England. But the corrupt bargain of Lord North and Mr. Fox, to share office between them, disgusted the People—they took side even against their own liberties. But here, sir, the coalition is not on the side of the People's rights, but against them. Mr. Pitt, (the Crown rather) triumphed. Knaves, cried Hosanna; and fools repeated the cry. England recovered by the elasticity which belongs to free institutions, and Mr. Pitt attained a degree of power that enabled him to plunge her into the mad vortex of war with Revolutionary France. Nine hundred millions of debt; taxes, in amount, in degree, and mode, unheard of; pauperism, misery, in *all possible forms of* wretchedness—attest the greatness of the *Heaven-born Minister*, who did not weather the storm, but was *whelmed beneath it*, leaving his country to that Providence whom

it pleased to rescue her in her utmost need, by inflicting madness on her great unrelenting enemy, and sending this modern Nebuchadnezzar to grass. Sir, Mr. Pitt is as strong an instance for my purpose, as I could have wanted. He was a rhetorician, a speech maker; a man of words, and good words too, at will; a dexterous debater—and if he had continued to ride the Western circuit, he might have been an eminent wrangler at the bar, and, in due time, a Chief Justice or Lord Chancellor. But, for the sins of England he was made Prime Minister, and at five and twenty two. Sir, Mr. Pitt no more saw what was ahead of him, than the ideot in the parish workhouse. He no more dream't when the war began, to what point he would be able to push his system, if system it may be called, than any clerk in his office.—The productive powers of a People like the English, where property is perfectly secure and left free to act, and where the industrious classes are shut out from almost any participation in public affairs, is incredible; is almost without limit. Two individuals discovered two mines, more precious and productive than Guanaxuato or Potosi—that furnished the means for his prodigality, that astonished even Mr. Pitt. These were Sir Richard Arkwright and Mr. Watt—the spinning machine and the steam engine. And this imbecile and blundering Minister has been complimented with what is due to the unrivalled ingenuity and industry of his countrymen. So, sir, in like manner, this young Hercules of America, who, if we can keep him from being strangled by the serpents of corruption, must grow to gigantic strength and stature—every improvement which he makes, in spite of the misrule of his governors, these very modestly arrogate to themselves.

We have been told, officially, that the President wished the great question to have been referred back to the People, if by the forms of the Constitution this could be done. Sir, if I were the friend, as I am the undisguised enemy of the Administration, I would say to them, you may be innocent—your intentions may be upright—but you have brought the country to that pass, that you can't carry on the Government. As gentlemen, possessing the least self-respect, you ought to retire—leave it—try another venue—you can't carry on the Government without us, any more than we can act, while every thing in the Executive Government is against us. Sir, there are cases in which suspicion is *equivalent* to proof—and not only equal to it, but more than *equal to the* most damning proof. There is not a husband here, *who will not* ratify this declaration—there may be suspicion s

agonizing, that it makes the wretch cry out for certainty as a relief from the most damning tortures. Such suspicions are entertained with respect to these gentlemen—and though they are making a convulsive effort to roll back the tide of public opinion, they can't allay the feeling—the suspicion rests upon the facts—and, do what they may, facts will not bend at their bidding.—Admit it to be suspicion, it is equally fatal, as regards them and the public service, with the reality. Mr. R. would not go in pursuit of the *alibis and aliases* of the accused—of the tubs, whether with false bottoms or double bottoms, thrown out to amuse the public. The whole conduct of the accused had displayed nothing of the dignity of innocence; but all the restlessness of guilt. Every word of Mr. Clay's late pamphlet might be true, and yet the accused be guilty, notwithstanding.

The gentleman from Massachusetts warned us, that, if the individual we seek to elevate shall succeed, he will, in his turn, become the object of public pursuit, and that the same pack will be unkennelled at his heels, that have run his rival down. It may be so. I have no hesitation to say, that, if his conduct shall deserve it, and if I live, I shall be one of that *pack;* because, sir, I maintain the interests of Stockholders, against Presidents, Directors, and Cashiers. And here, sir, I beg leave to notice an objection urged, as I have heard, against me, by the gentleman from Ohio, [Mr. Vance.] He says that I have been opposed to all Administrations. Sir, I deny it to be fact. I did oppose the elder Adams, because he attacked the liberty of the press and of the subject; because his opinions were at war with the genius of our institutions. He avowed them openly, and I liked him the better for his frankness. But, sir, I supported the Administration of his successor. I did for it what I could—little enough, God knows. The first case in which I differed from that Administration, was the case of the Yazoo Claims, which I thought a case of flagrant corruption. I do not mean, and I never did believe, that there was corruption in the President, or his two Secretaries; and it did not cause me to separate myself from them. I separated from that Administration three years afterwards, with pain and sorrow, and not without some anger, too: for, sir, I have no idea of that extreme of candor and meekness which denounces the measures of a Government, as Bottom says in the play, "and will roar you as gently as any sucking dove." It is not my nature to do so, and it would be criminal and ridiculous in me, because it would be hypocrisy to affect it. Sir, when the former restrictive system was first commenced, I thought I saw what I now know I did then see—the fatal and ruinous consequences that would grow out of it. I told Mr. Jefferson, candidly and frankly, that, if he expected support in a certain quarter, and did not find it, he need not blame me. Sir, I will not repeat what he said on that occasion, but he deplored the separation. But, permit me to remind you, sir—for you were then too young to know much of these matters—that, previously, but nearly at the same time of my leaving that Administration, a certain wise man from the East joined it, who soon after went off to Canada, under strong suspicion of felony; and this was soon followed by a certain gentleman's giving in his adhesion, who had before been violently opposed to it, and to all its best measures. Sir, I

have not the least objection to its being said of me, that I separated myself from Mr. Jefferson, when Barnabas Bidwell and John Quincy Adams joined him.

Some allusion has been made to the discordant materials of the present Opposition. Sir, they are somewhat discordant—at least they have been so. But are they more so than the adherents of the present Administration, or the materials of the Administration itself? Sir, I well remember almost the first propitiation (the first was the writ of habeas corpus) which he who is now the President of the United States made to Mr. Jefferson and his party. It was an attempt to run down the present Chief Justice. The right of John Smith to a seat in the Senate was made the peg to hang it on. I will tell the gentleman the whole reason why I have opposed the Administration since that time, and may again, if, according to my judgment, they shall not consult the good of the country. It is, sir, simply because I am for the interests of the stockholders—of whom I am one—as opposed to those of the President, Directors, and Cashiers; and I have the right of speaking my opinion, and shall exercise it, though it happen to be against the greatest and proudest names.

Sir, I am no judge of human motives; that is the attribute of the name which I will not take in vain—the attribute of Him who rules in Heaven, or who becomes incarnate upon earth—mere man can claim no such exemption.

I do not pretend that my own motives do not partake of their full share of the infirmity of our common nature—but, of those infirmities, neither avarice nor ambition form one iota in the composition of my present motives. Sir, what can the country do for me? Poor as I am—for I am much poorer than I have been—impoverished by unwise legislation—I still have nearly as much as I know how to use—more, certainly, than I have at all times made a good use of—and, as for power, what charms can it have for one like me? Sir, if power had been my object, I must have been less sagacious than my worst enemies have represented me to be, (unless, indeed, those who would have kindly shut me up in bedlam,) if I had not obtained it. I may appeal to all my friends to say whether "there have not been times when I stood in such favor in the closet, that there must have been something very extravagant and unreasonable in my wishes, if they might not *all* have been gratified." Was it office? What, sir, to drudge in your laboratories in the Departments, or be at the tail of the corps diplomatique in Europe? Alas, sir, in my condition, a cup of cold water would be more acceptable. Sir, what can the country give me that I do not possess in the confidence of such constituents as no man ever had before? Sir, I could retire to my old patrimonial trees, where I might see the sun rise and set in peace. Sir, as I was returning, the other evening, from the Capitol, I saw—what has been a rare sight here this Winter—the Sun dipping his broad disk among the trees behind those Virginia hills, not allaying his glow-

ing axle in the steep Atlantic stream—and I asked myself if, with this book of nature unrolled before me, I was not the most foolish of men to be struggling and scuffling here, in this heated and impure atmosphere, where the play is not worth the candle; but then the truth rushed upon my mind, that I was, vainly, perhaps, but honestly, striving to uphold the liberties of the people who sent me here—yes, sir, for can those liberties co-exist with corruption? At the very worst, the question recurs, Which will the more effectually destroy them, collusion, bargain, and corruption here, or a military despotism? When can that be established over us? Never, till the Congress has become odious and contemptible in the eyes of the people—Sir, I have learned from the highest of all authority, that the first step towards putting on incorruption is the putting off corruption. That recollection nerves me in the present contest; for I know that, if we succeed, I shall hold over the head of those who succeed the present incumbent, a rod, which they will not dare, even if they had the inclination, to disobey. They will tremble at the punishment of their predecessors. Sir, if we succeed, we shall restore the Constitution—we shall redress the injury done to the people—we shall regenerate the country. If the Administration which ensues, shall be as bad as the character of the opposing candidate [Gen. J.] is represented by his bitterest foes to be, still, I had rather it were in the seat of power than the present dynasty, because it will have been fairly elected. The fountain of its authority will not be poisoned at the source. But, sir, if we perish under the spasmodic efforts of those now in power to reinstate themselves on the throne, our fate will be a sacred one—and who would wish to survive it?—there will be nothing left in the country, worth any man's possession. If, after such an appeal as has been made to the people, and a majority has been brought into this and the other House of Congress, this Administration shall be able to triumph, it will prove there is a rottenness in our institutions, which ought to render them unworthy of any man's regard. Sir, my "*church-yard cough*" gives me the solemn warning, that, whatever part I shall take in the chase, I may fail of being in at the death—I should think myself the basest and the meanest of men—I care not what the opinion of the world might be—I should know myself to be a scoundrel, and should not care who else knew it, if I could permit any motive, connected with division of the spoil, to mingle in this matter with my poor, but best exertions for the welfare of my country.

If gentlemen suppose I am giving pledges, they are mistaken—I give none—they are entitled to none—and I give none. Sir, I shall retire upon my resources—I will go back to the bosom of my constituents—to such constituents as man never had before, and never will have again—and I shall receive from them the only reward that I ever looked for, but the highest that man can receive—the universal expression of their approbation—of their thanks. I shall read it in their beaming faces; I shall feel it in their gratulating hands. The very children will climb around my knees, to welcome me. And shall I give up them, and this? And for what? For the heartless amusements, and vapid pleasures, and tarnished honors, of this abode of splendid misery, and of shabby splendour? For a clerkship in the War Office, or a foreign mission, to dance attendance abroad instead of at home—or even for a Department itself? Sir, thirty years make sad changes in man. When I first was honored with their confidence, I was a very young man, and my constituents stood almost in parental relation to me, and I receive from them the indulgence of a beloved son. But the old patriarchs of that day have been gathered to their fathers—

some adults remain, whom I look upon as my brethren ; but the far greater part were children—little children—or have come into the world since my public life began. I know among them grandfathers, and men muster free, who were boys at school when I first took my seat in Congress. Time, the mighty reformer and innovator, has silently and slowly, but surely, changed the relation between us ; and I now stand to them, *in loco parentis*, in the place of a father, and receive from them a truly filial reverence and regard. Yes, sir, they are my children—who resent, with the quick love of children, all my wrongs, real or supposed. Shall I not invoke the blessings of our common father upon them? To them I shall return if we are defeated, for all of consolation that awaits me on this side of the grave. I feel that I hang to existence but by a single hair—that the sword of Damocles is suspended over me.

If we succeed, we shall have given a new lease to the life of the Constitution. But, should we fail, I warn gentlemen not to pour out their regrets on General Jackson He will be the first to disdain them. The object of our cause has been, not to raise Andrew Jackson to the Presidency—be his merits what they may—its object has been the signal and condign punishment of those public servants, on whom, if they be not guilty, the very strongest suspicion of guilt must ever justly rest.

[Mr. EVERETT here repelled the charge of having violated delicacy.]

I have a right to say so when a man reads in this House a paper which is unfit to be read even without spectators. That he did not write it is no excuse for the gentleman. He *read* it, and he brought into view the case of the Queen of France.